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The British Neptune

London

[18--?]

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**Title : The British Neptune, or, Convivial songster : being a
collection of the newest and most approved songs now singing
at the several places of public amusement, and in the most
convivial assemblies.**

Imprint : London : Printed by Howard & Evans, [18--?]

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FADED TEXT

THE

British Neptune;

OR,

CONVIVIAL SONGSTER:

BEING

A Collection *Of the newest and most approved* SONGS

Now singing at the several places of public amusement,
and in the most convivial assemblies.



CONTAINING

1. The Almanack Maker.
2. The Yawner.
3. The Banished Sailor.
4. Fair Caroline.
5. The Happy Stringer.
6. Answer to Ditto.
7. The Modest Maid.
8. Joe of the Bell.
9. No body coming to Woe.
10. Nobody Coming to Marry me.

11. No rest in the Grave.
12. Peggy Bawn's Air.
13. Ellen and Love.
14. John Lump's Ramble to Somerset-house.
15. Sweet Sue of London Town.
16. Fair Kate of Portsmouth.
17. A Peep at the Ferry Thieves.
18. My Heart's my Own.
19. Why Tolls the Bell?
20. The Rose-Bush.

LONDON:

Printed by HOWARD & EVANS, 42, Long Lane, West.

Price One Penny.

BLEED THROUGH

THE

BRITISH NEPTUNE, &c.

1. The Almanack Maker.

Oh! father had a jolly knack,
Of cooking up an almanack;
He could tell—very well
Of eclipses and wars,
Of Venus and Mars;
When plots were prevented,
Penny posts were invented;
Of Rome's dire reproaches,
And the first hackney coaches:
And he always foresaw
There'd be frost or be thaw;
Much sun or much fleet,
Much rain or much heat,
On the fourth or the seventh,
The fifth or eleventh,
The tenth or the fifteenth,
The twentieth or sixteenth.
But to hear of his laughter
He waits and waits,
There'd be more or less,
Day before or day after:
Oh! father had a jolly knack, &c.

He could tell—very well
Of aches and of pains,
In the loins and the reins,
In the hips and the toes,
In the back and the nose:
Of a red-letter day;
When school boys might play;
When tempests would clatter,
When earthquakes would shatter,
When comets would run,
And the world be undone:
But yet to hear of his laughter,
For people would cry,
Tho' he says we're to die,
It may be to day, or day after:
Light and dark,
High-water mark,
Signs the sky's in,
Something, rising,

Verse terrific,
Hieroglyphic,
Astronomical
All so comical.

Oh! father had a jolly knack,
Of cooking up an almanack.

2. The Yawner.

How I love to laugh,
Never was a weeper;
Tho' like a lazy calf,
Have been a mighty sleeper;
Once I got a place,
But lost it the same morning,
Cause in my parrot's face,
I somehow fell yawning.
'Yea, au, au; lol, lol, yea, au, au.
Then I fell in love,
Hoping to get married;
Try'd my nymph to move,
And near my point had carry'd;
But I lost her in a pet,
'Cause going to kiss one morning,
Just as our lips had met,
Some devil set me yawning.
Now comes the worst mishap,
Once being shav'd so nice, fir;
I gap'd, and Mr. Strap,
He gave me such a sicer
But all my grief's to tell,
Would take a summer's morning,
So mum would be as well,
Left I should set you yawning.

3. The Banished Sailor.

FAREWELL, my dearest Polly, I am go-
ing
Where I never shall see you more,
There is more danger in crossing the
ocean,
Then staying at home on the shore

Where the lofty winds are blowing,
And the tempest so loudly does rise,
Our mainmast and rigging are rearing,
We are tossed between billows and
skies.

My parents unto me prov'd cruel,
And banish'd me o'er the main,
Here I am confin'd for my jewel,
Where I never can see her again,
Where the drums they do beat an alarm,
And the trumpets so loudly do call,
Our captain commands us before him,
March on my brave merry men all.
How hard was the heart that deceiv'd
me,

And banish'd me from my delight,
In cold chains I am confin'd
Cold stones for my pillow at night,
Why there is once farewell to my
sweetheart,

'There is twice farewell to my joy,
Three times farewell to my Polly,
I shall see you more, he cry'd.

As in yonder grove I was walking,
Lamenting the loss of my love,
By myself alone I was talking,

Thinking she constant would prove,
Oft times I have wished that the eagle,
Would lend me her wings for to fly,
I would fly to the arms of my Polly,
Once more in her bosom would lie.

4. Fair Caroline.

'WILT thou be mine, fair Caroline?
'For thee I sigh and sorrow;
Young Edward sigh'd, and kneeling
cry'd,

'Wilt thou be mine to-morrow?
The smile divine, fair Caroline
From Venus seem'd to borrow;
'I will be thine,' blush'd Carolin,
'I will be thine to-morrow.'

The morn appears, their bosoms cheers
Poor lovers! doomed to sorrow,
His country's foes, to fight he goes,
And leave her on the morrow.

A fatal dart soon pierc'd his heart:
The news strikes her with sorrow;
'I'll still be thine!' cry'd Caroline,
And died upon the morrow.

5. The Happy Stranger.

As I was a walking one mornin' in
spring,
To hear the birds whistle and the
nightingale sing.

I heard a fair maid making her moan,
Saying I am a stranger and far from
my home.

I stepped up to her and bended my
knee,
And asked her pardon for making so
free,

I take pity on you by hearing you
moan,
For I am a stranger and far from my
home.

Her cheeks blush'd like roses,
she shed a tear,
She said, sir, I wonder at meeting you
here,

I hope you'll not use me ill in this de-
sert alone,
For I am a stranger and far from my
home.

My dear to ill use you indeed I ne'
will,

My heart's blood to save you I freely
would spill,
I strive for to ease and relieve all your
moan,

For I wish to convey you back to your
home.

I said my dear jewel if we can agree,
If ever you marry then marry with
me,

I will be your guardian thro' this de-
sert alone,
For I am a stranger and far from my
home.

O, where is your country, I long for
to know,

Or what is the misfortune you undergo
That caus'd you to wander too far from
your home.

And make us meet strangers in the
desert alone.

I said my dear jewel the truth I know
I tell,

What is my dear jewel's name?
I said my dear jewel the truth I know
I tell,

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8. Joe of the Bell.

Around the face of blue-eyed Sue
 Did auburn ringlets curl;
 Her lips seem'd coral dip in dew,
 Her teeth two rows of pearl.
 Joe of the bell, whose wine they said,
 Was new in call as he in trade,
 Espous'd this nonpareil;
 "You keep the bar," says Joe, "my
 dear;
 But be obliging, Sue, d'ye hear;
 And prove to all who love good cheer,
 Their welcome to the Bell."
 A London rider chang'd to lip,
 Behind the bar to dine;
 And found sweeter Susan's yielding lip,
 Much mellow'er than her wine:
 As Joe slept in the stamp'd and tore,
 And for the London beau, he swore,
 He'd dust his jacket well.
 "Heyday!" says Sue, "what's this, I
 trow!
 You bade me be obliging, Joe;
 I'm only proving to the beau
 He's welcome to the Bell."

9. No Body Coming to Woo.

The dogs began to bark,
 And I peep'd out to see,
 A handsome young man hunting,
 But not a hunting for me.
 And its Oh! what will become of
 me,
 Oh! what shall I do?
 Nobody coming to marry me,
 Nobody coming to woo.
 The first time I went to my prayers,
 I pray'd for halcyon years;
 I pray'd for a handsome young man,
 With a meek deal of gear.
 And its Oh, &c.
 The last time I went to my prayers,
 I pray'd both night and day;
 Come handsome, come young, come old:
 Come any to fetch me away.
 For its Oh, &c.
 Tho' often I put up my prayers,
 They succeeded with me in vain;
 How promising and full of fate,
 After all to die in the same state.
 For its Oh, &c.

10. Nobody coming to Marry Me.

Last night the dog did bark,
 I went to the gate to see,
 When a young man and his spark,
 But nobody came to me.
 And its Oh! what will become of me
 Oh dear, what shall I do?
 Nobody coming to marry me,
 Nobody coming to woo.
 And its Oh! dear, &c.

My father's a hedger and ditcher,
 My mother does nothing but spin,
 And I'm a pretty young girl,
 But the money comes slowly in.
 And its Oh! dear, &c.

They say I'm beautiful and fair,
 They say I'm scornful and proud,
 Alas! I must now despair,
 For, ah! I am grown very old.
 And its Oh! dear, &c.
 And now I must die an old maid,
 Oh dear! how shocking the thought!
 And all my beauty must be laid,
 But I'm sure it is not my own fault.
 And its Oh! dear, &c.

11. No Rest in the Grave.

Or the second appearance of Miss Bailey, Gl. 8.

The dog had cease'd to bark,
 The liver more in shone bright,
 When in the lone church-yard,
 Stood poor Miss Bailey's sprite.
 Spoken.—(Crying.) Oh! what will
 become of me!
 Ah! why did I die!
 Nobody coming to bury me!
 Nobody coming to cry.
 Nobody, &c.

There's more I saw Captain Smith,
 I was sure, that he treated me foul;
 So here was a case when the moon,
 All night with a yell and howl.

Spoken.—(Singing.) Oh! what can
 the matter be?
 My own soul in the grave expires:
 I'm cold and numb, and in the coffin,
 I'm rotting as I burn as the fire.
 At the fire, &c.

The last time I saw my deluder,
 He gave me a shabby pound note,
 But I borrow'd his best leather breeches
 To wear with my wooden shoo-out.
 And it O! to be cover'd in decency
 For a grave: the parson did pay,
 But Captain Smith's note was a
 forgery.
 And I was turn'd out of my clay.
 Of my clay, &c.

12. Peggy Bawn's Air.

As I came o'er the Highland hills,
 To a farmer's house I came,
 The night being dark and something
 wet,

I ventur'd into the same,
 Where I was kindly treated,
 And a pretty lass I spied,
 Who ask'd me if I had a wife,
 But marriage I denied.

I courted her the long night,

Till near the dawn of day,

When frankly she did to me say,

Alang with you I'll gae;

For Ireland is a fine country,

And the Scots to you are kin;

So I will gang alang with you,

My fortune to begin.

Day being come and breakfast o'er,

Tox o'p'nd and I was ta'en,

The good man kindly ask'd me

If I'd marry his daughter Jane;

Five hundred marks I'll give her,

Besides a piece of land;

But scarcely had he spoke the word,

Till I thought of Peggy Bawn.

Your offer, fir, is very good,

And I thank you too," said I;

But I cannot be your son-in-law,

And I'll tell you the reason why;

My business calls me in haste,

I am the King's eternal bound,

And I must gae awa' this day,

Straight to Edinburgh town.

Oh, Peggy Bawn, thou art my own,

Thy heart lies in my breast,

And tho' we are a distance a-re,

Yet I love thee still the best;

Altho' we are a distance a-re,
 And the seas between us roar,
 Yet I'll be constant, Peggy Bawn,
 To thee for evermore.

13. Ellen and Love.

Let fools follow pleasures,

Too certain to elude,

Let misers hoard treasures,

They dare not enjoy;

The earth has no blessing,

Your William can prove,

So sweet as possessing,

Dear Ellen and love.

Let the world, ever changing,

With falsehood abound,

Still fix'd, never ranging,

Shall William be found;

With thee what desire

Can tempt him to rouse,

What bliss can reach higher

Than Ellen and love!

14. Exhibition.

Or, *Johanna's Rambles to Somerset-house.*

If you please, fir, might I be so bold

to say, (way,

For I fancy I've somehow mistaken my

Is this *Common Garden*? Way, 'tis I

declare: (my way here.

Aye, I thought I could never mistake

Tol de rol, &c.

'Tis not long ago since I first com'd to

town (shown,

And tho' I be only a poor simple

Say, I, Now I'll see all the fine sights

I can, (I ran,

So the very next morning to Smithfield

Tol de rol, &c.

What I most wish'd to see, fir, was

Bartlemy fair, (exhibited there,

'Caze I'd heard I megay things were

I expected some tan, but was greatly

mistaken, (far as bacon

And need nought but oxen and sheep

Tol de rol, &c.

From Smithfield I went down to West

minster hall. (londest can bawl

Where the lawyers all try which is

the best.

But then I soon left, for I'd heard Ne'e shall my breast enrich its rest,
 people say, (a good deal to say, For I am not a little to brown,
 If you heard them talk much, there's no doubt but that I have
 Tol de rol, &c. Sweet Sue of London town,
 At last I found out that all folks of Her simple dress of rosy red
 condition, (Exhibition; Her lips so rosy, so sweet,
 Pass'd a morning at Somerset House, Her pearly teeth, so fair to view,
 So I thought, just for once, as that I Her form and drefs so neat,
 there was the case, Her neck so white, her eyes so bright,
 I'd e'en make one among 'em, and Her cheeks so rosy, so brown,
 show my sweet face, Tol de rol, &c. Alas! to love how much I love,
 The pictures, I own, look'd all clever, Sweet Sue of London town,
 and right, (made the best light, Each charm that can from wealth de-
 But the ladies, Oh! bless them, they I freely would resign, (live,
 And rightly to tell would ha' puzzle a Nay, every joy for which we live,
 ghast, (ed the most, I'd give to call her mine,
 Whether women or pictures were paint, This nymph so smart hath won my heart
 Tol de rol, &c. Then Cupid cease to frown,
 Now they always kept laughing and And let me prove the bliss of love
 staring at me, (see, With Sue of London town.
 But what it was for, sure I cou'dn't
 And the pictures and all, look wherever
 I wou'd (blood,
 They star'd at me too, just like flesh and
 Tol de rol, &c.
 There were horses as nat'ral as ever
 cou'd be, (on the sea,
 And our tailors a licking the French
 The French! but don't let me forget
 it, oh! never,
 There were one beating Frenchmen
 and Spaniards together.
 Tol de rol, &c.
 But to Portsmouth or Plymouth if
 you'd only go, (like her,
 There's a rare exhibition we took from
 There the enemy's fleets safe at anchor
 are shown, (show but our own?
 Such a sight, pray, what country can
 But see, here's the prompter he wants
 me a way, (me say:
 I wou'd sing ye in, re, but he'll not let
 He saies: you'll think me an impu-
 dent elf.
 In singing so long to exhibit myself.
 Tol de rol, &c.
 Sweet Sue of London Town,
 Let us sing the Country Lads,
 Replete with rustic grace,
 Whose charms all other nymphs surpass
 Each beauty in her face;
 16. Fair Kate of Portsmouth,
 FAIR Kate of Portsmouth lov'd a war,
 Ben Surf, as kind a soul
 As evet brav'd the hottest war,
 Or slung the flowing bowl;
 Yet oft' he'd heave a sigh, since fate
 Had borne him from his lovely Kate,
 For Ben in vain had often strove
 (Would parents but agree)
 To wed fair Kate, his only love,
 Ere that he went to sea;
 But ah! in vain, fond hope was o'er,
 He sigh'd, then left his native shore.
 One night as the mid watch he kept,
 A loofe to love he gave,
 For while his shipmates careless slept,
 Lying in a w'ry grave, (cry'd
 This conflict o'er, sweet Kate, he
 Then sunk in peace, alas! and dy'd.
 Thus hope is like the summer gale,
 That's transient as the wind,
 Which reels too soon to pleasure's fall
 Ere the wish'd port we find:
 The tidings to fair Kate were brought
 Whose loofe was with anguish fraught
 And is my love no more, she cry'd,
 Then peace farewell, adieu,
 This heart to his was ever alied,
 And still it shall be true—
 I feel my spirit wing its flight,
 She spoke and such in endless night!

But let me tell you the best that I have,
And to now you shall hear all about it

I fe a lad that's not easily humored,
Unless it be when I fe in drink,
And fomenow I don't know which way
But the folk up in town be fo droll,
That I muft ha' been drunk every day,
For they humored me, by gum one
and all.

4 Off my feet, by the crowd getting in,
I shouted as loud as I cou'd,
And I told 'em I wan'nto their party
But a lady inquired I shou'd,

• Heave ahead! says a sailor, 'you lub-
No odds about my being willing.

So I com'd to a man in a cupboard,
Who bad me lug out my two shilling
And while I wur groping about,

My money to find, I declare,
My pockets I found inside ours.

And the devil a penny was there.
The crowd which before had so pulled

Thinks I, dang you, push on now
or never,

For I didn't mind now being crushed
And I got in for nothing quite clever

The play were soon ended, and then
Forty Thieves, they com'd all in, for

funny,
I suppose it was some of them men

As had diddled me out of my money
So in town I had not long to stay.

I resolv'd to lee all that I cou'd,
And I went once again to the play,
And I said for a feat, 'tho' I stood

Howard and Evans, Printers, No.

Common Garden, I think, was the spot,
And some beautiful pictures they drew
there.

And if off to come here was my lot,
I am off would be tempted to go there

There was one fellow walk'd on to the stage.

Said he'd newly just come out of
Yorkshire.

By Gum he put me in a rage, (fir,
He made game fo of our country talk

Folk call'd him a comical lad,
But for what, I declare I can't tell.

I never seen nothing so bad;
I'd ha' done it—aye, better myself.

18. My Heart's my Own.
My heart's my own, my will is free,

And so shall be my voice,
No mortal man shall wed with me,

Till first he made my choice.
Let parents rule, cry nature's laws,

And children still obey,
And is there then no saving clause

Against tyrannic s.way.

19. Why Tolls the Bell.
Why tolls the bell! what sounds are

The plaintive dirge, the mourner's

fights
That mingling with the evening breeze

To pity's altar slowly rise.
 When was young, and good, and fair,
 But now I feel the flames have burnt away

When faithless love her heart betray'd
But Ellen, young and good, and fair,
When the cold earth is laid

Now in the cold earth is laid.
The Rose Bush

20 The Rose-Bush.
 EDNA — The Thorn.

From a roge built a morn a fair blis-
fom I gather'd, (dew
It leaves state immor'd with the

"Sec. my Julia," I cry'd, "when pity
Is power, (is like you

Scrub into your bed on this road
to take the bluish clothes your cheeks are

each forrowful story, (round tear,
Thas drops from your eyes the

But true in your heart, unlike this false flower. (Sharp Spear)

Which under its blazoned canopy
Long-lane, West-Imperial London.

121 122 123 124 125 126 127 128 129 130 131 132 133 134 135 136 137 138 139 140 141 142 143 144 145 146 147 148 149 150 151 152 153 154 155 156 157 158 159 160 161 162 163 164 165 166 167 168 169 170 171 172 173 174 175 176 177 178 179 180 181 182 183 184 185 186 187 188 189 190 191 192 193 194 195 196 197 198 199 200 201 202 203 204 205 206 207 208 209 210 211 212 213 214 215 216 217 218 219 220 221 222 223 224 225 226 227 228 229 230 231 232 233 234 235 236 237 238 239 240 241 242 243 244 245 246 247 248 249 250 251 252 253 254 255 256 257 258 259 260 261 262 263 264 265 266 267 268 269 270 271 272 273 274 275 276 277 278 279 280 281 282 283 284 285 286 287 288 289 290 291 292 293 294 295 296 297 298 299 300 301 302 303 304 305 306 307 308 309 310 311 312 313 314 315 316 317 318 319 320 321 322 323 324 325 326 327 328 329 330 331 332 333 334 335 336 337 338 339 340 341 342 343 344 345 346 347 348 349 350 351 352 353 354 355 356 357 358 359 360 361 362 363 364 365 366 367 368 369 370 371 372 373 374 375 376 377 378 379 380 381 382 383 384 385 386 387 388 389 390 391 392 393 394 395 396 397 398 399 400 401 402 403 404 405 406 407 408 409 410 411 412 413 414 415 416 417 418 419 420 421 422 423 424 425 426 427 428 429 430 431 432 433 434 435 436 437 438 439 440 441 442 443 444 445 446 447 448 449 450 451 452 453 454 455 456 457 458 459 460 461 462 463 464 465 466 467 468 469 470 471 472 473 474 475 476 477 478 479 480 481 482 483 484 485 486 487 488 489 490 491 492 493 494 495 496 497 498 499 500 501 502 503 504 505 506 507 508 509 510 511 512 513 514 515 516 517 518 519 520 521 522 523 524 525 526 527 528 529 530 531 532 533 534 535 536 537 538 539 540 541 542 543 544 545 546 547 548 549 550 551 552 553 554 555 556 557 558 559 560 561 562 563 564 565 566 567 568 569 570 571 572 573 574 575 576 577 578 579 580 581 582 583 584 585 586 587 588 589 590 591 592 593 594 595 596 597 598 599 600 601 602 603 604 605 606 607 608 609 610 611 612 613 614 615 616 617 618 619 620 621 622 623 624 625 626 627 628 629 630 631 632 633 634 635 636 637 638 639 640 641 642 643 644 645 646 647 648 649 650 651 652 653 654 655 656 657 658 659 660 661 662 663 664 665 666 667 668 669 670 671 672 673 674 675 676 677 678 679 680 681 682 683 684 685 686 687 688 689 690 691 692 693 694 695 696 697 698 699 700 701 702 703 704 705 706 707 708 709 710 711 712 713 714 715 716 717 718 719 720 721 722 723 724 725 726 727 728 729 730 731 732 733 734 735 736 737 738 739 740 741 742 743 744 745 746 747 748 749 750 751 752 753 754 755 756 757 758 759 760 761 762 763 764 765 766 767 768 769 770 771 772 773 774 775 776 777 778 779 780 781 782 783 784 785 786 787 788 789 790 791 792 793 794 795 796 797 798 799 800 801 802 803 804 805 806 807 808 809 810 811 812 813 814 815 816 817 818 819 820 821 822 823 824 825 826 827 828 829 830 831 832 833 834 835 836 837 838 839 840 841 842 843 844 845 846 847 848 849 850 851 852 853 854 855 856 857 858 859 860 861 862 863 864 865 866 867 868 869 870 871 872 873 874 875 876 877 878 879 880 881 882 883 884 885 886 887 888 889 890 891 892 893 894 895 896 897 898 899 900 901 902 903 904 905 906 907 908 909 910 911 912 913 914 915 916 917 918 919 920 921 922 923 924 925 926 927 928 929 930 931 932 933 934 935 936 937 938 939 940 941 942 943 944 945 946 947 948 949 950 951 952 953 954 955 956 957 958 959 960 961 962 963 964 965 966 967 968 969 970 971 972 973 974 975 976 977 978 979 980 981 982 983 984 985 986 987 988 989 990 991 992 993 994 995 996 997 998 999 1000 1001 1002 1003 1004 1005 1006 1007 1008 1009 1010 1011 1012 1013 1014 1015 1016 1017 1018 1019 1020 1021 1022 1023 1024 1025 1026 1027 1028 1029 1030 1031 1032 1033 1034 1035 1036 1037 1038 1039 1040 1041 1042 1043 1044 1045 1046 1047 1048 1049 1050 1051 1052 1053 1054 1055 1056 1057 1058 1059 1060 1061 1062 1063 1064 1065 1066 1067 1068 1069 1070 1071 1072 1073 1074 1075 1076 1077 1078 1079 1080 1081 1082 1083 1084 1085 1086 1087 1088 1089 1090 1091 1092 1093 1094 1095 1096 1097 1098 1099 1100 1101 1102 1103 1104 1105 1106 1107 1108 1109 1110 1111 1112 1113 1114 111